Robert Potter Hill

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM OKLAHOMA

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Robert Potter Hill

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM OKLAHOMA

Seventy-fifth Congress
Third Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1938

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Biography

ROBERT POTTER HILL was born near Ewing, Franklin County, Ill., April 18, 1874; attended the public schools and Ewing College in 1889; taught school in Franklin County 1891–93; reentered Ewing College, and was graduated in 1896; moved to Marion, Williamson County, Ill., in 1896; justice of the peace in 1899; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1902, and commenced practice in Marion; police magistrate of Marion, Ill., in 1903; city attorney of Marion 1908–10; member of the State house of representatives 1910–12; elected as a Democrat from Illinois to the Sixty-third Congress (March 4, 1913–March 3, 1915); unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1914 to the Sixty-fourth Congress; resumed the practice of law; moved to Oklahoma City, Okla., in 1918, and continued the practice of law; elected assistant county attorney, Oklahoma County, in 1925, and served until 1929; district judge, thirteenth judicial district, 1931–36; elected as a Democrat from Oklahoma to the Seventy-fifth Congress, and served from January 3, 1937, until his death in Oklahoma City, Okla., October 29, 1937; interment in Memorial Park Cemetery.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *March 17, 1938.*

Mr. JARMAN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of House Resolution 445, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 445

Resolved, That on Wednesday, April 20, 1938, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the third session of the Seventy-fifth Congress on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-fifth Congress
Third Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, Sacred Selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Army Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer——The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation——The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Crossing the Bar——W. L. Thickstun
Interstate Male Chorus

Scripture Reading and Prayer——The Chaplain

Roll of Deceased Members——The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional Silence

Address——Hon. CHARLES A. PLUMLEY
Representative from the State of Vermont

The Lamp in the West——Horatio Parker
Interstate Male Chorus

Address——Hon. FRITZ G. LANHAM
Representative from the State of Texas

Cornet Solo—Nearer My God to Thee——Ralph K. Ostrom
Master Sergeant, United States Army Band Orchestra

Benediction——The Chaplain

Robert Potter Hill

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1938.

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Interstate Male Chorus sang "Crossing the Bar," by W. L. Thickstun.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. (Psalm 23.)

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch

in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. (Psalm 90.)

There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory.

Almighty and most merciful God, our Father, from whom our spirits come and to whom they shall return, grant unto all sorrowing hearts the consolation of Thy grace. Strengthen, we beseech Thee, the faith of all bereaved ones, that they may contemplate with peace the blessedness of that eternal home which Thou hast prepared for all whom Thou hast redeemed. Grant that all others whose joy is turned into mourning may not murmur nor faint under their afflictions; but cleaving more closely unto Thee, O blessed Lord and Saviour, who art the resurrection and the life, may be led by Thy Holy Spirit through all the trials of this uncertain life, till the day break and the shadows flee away. Amen.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, holier than daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. A. E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, Senator from the State of Arkansas: Lawyer; member of the General Assembly of Arkansas, 1895; Presidential elector, 1900; Member of the House of Representatives Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, and Sixty-second Congresses; Governor of Arkansas, 1913; elected to the United States Senate January 1913; reelected in 1918, 1924, 1930, and 1936; chairman of the minority conference, 1923–33, and chairman of the majority conference, 1933–37. Died July 14, 1937.

PHILIP ARNOLD GOODWIN, Twenty-seventh Congressional District of New York: Businessman; engaged in steel bridge building, 1902–16; director and president of the National Bank of Coxsackie; vice president of the Coxsackie Milling & Supply Co.; trustee, Heermance Memorial Library; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died June 6, 1937.

WILLIAM PATRICK CONNERY, Jr., Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts: Actor, theatrical manager, soldier, lawyer; served 19 months in France in all major operations of the Twenty-sixth (Yankee) Division; promoted from private to regimental color sergeant for meritorious service; Member of the Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress; chairman of the Committee on Labor. Died June 15, 1937.

THEODORE ALBERT PEYSER, Seventeenth Congressional District of New York: Businessman; special agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.; collector of etchings; member of the Jefferson Island Club and Wild Goose Club at Harmony, Maine; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Died August 8, 1937.

ROBERT POTTER HILL, Fifth Congressional District of Oklahoma: Lawyer, educator, police magistrate of Marion, Ill., 1903; city attorney of Marion, 1908–10; member of the Illinois State House of Representatives, 1910–12; Member of the Sixty-third Congress from Illinois; assistant county attorney, Oklahoma County; district judge of Oklahoma; Member of the Seventy-fifth Congress from Oklahoma. Died October 29, 1937.

EDWARD ALOYSIUS KENNEY, Ninth Congressional District of New Jersey: Lawyer; admitted to the bar of the State of New York in 1908, and to the bar of the State of New Jersey in 1917; member

of Legal Advisory Draft Board in 1917; judge of recorder's court of Cliffside Park, 1919–23; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died January 27, 1938.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Hon. CHARLES A. PLUMLEY, a Representative from the State of Vermont, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES A. PLUMLEY

Mr. Speaker, we have met once more according to our reverent custom in order to note the passing of the year and properly to observe the absence of those colleagues and friends of ours departed.

This memorial day is in some respects the most significant and important of our calendar, with its solemn and tender associations. Solemn, for it bids us pause and measure each for himself the duty he owes to a common country; tender, since it opens the floodgates of memory to a tide of emotions and recollections which bring before us again in form and in voice those colleagues of ours who "short days ago lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, loved, and were loved."

I see a hand you cannot see!
I hear a voice you cannot hear.

They have gone, but, as the poet has said:

Whatever comes must go—and so the rose
That for a little trembles on its stalk,
Dying, will cast its petals in a shower
Upon the garden walk.

There is no permanence: Impatient time
So swiftly shifts the curtains of life's show,
It will not long possess us, ill or good—
Whatever comes, must go.

And so today those of us who are still standing on this "narrow isthmus twixt two boundless seas"; the past, the future; two eternities, are living again those happy days of

friendship, association, and fellowship, in the land of yesterday of memory, a paradise out of which fate cannot drive us.

> Oh memories that bless and burn,
> Oh barren gain and bitter loss;
> I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
> To kiss the cross.

Those colleagues of ours. Once more we seem to see them and to hear them trying to make some nook of God's creation a little more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; endeavoring to make some human hearts a little wiser, more mindful, happier, more blessed, less accursed; striving to widen the intellectual horizon of the people, helping to lay the foundation of a better individual life, showing them new goals for endeavor; inspiring them with more varied and higher ideals—

> To strive, to seek, to find
> And not to yield.

The good which these friends of ours did and tried to do will never die, whether it be recognized or unrecognized as such, for it lives and will live and work through endless ages, since no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies or can die.

> Perchance beyond the veil unreal there lies
> Somewhere fulfillment we now court in vain;
> Perchance beyond this haggard life that dies
> Dwells that for which our spent ideals strain.

There is no heroic poem in the world but in reality is a biography of a man. There is no life of a man faithfully recorded but is in itself a heroic poem, rhymed or unrhymed. All that history and biography and experience teach is summed up in the fact that no great freedom has ever been established by spontaneous growth, nor has it ever been self-sustaining or self-protecting. Liberties are rare plants demanding eternal vigilance and continuous defense. No great expansion or extension of human opportunity has ever come to pass by accident. Somewhere, sometime, somehow, some man has paid the price.

This is the inexorable and unchanging law. The advance of truth across the world has been marked by little circles of blackened earth, where yesterday the martyr stood.

America stands before the world as the highest and almost the only representative of a political system which gives each individual a common share of authority and responsibility of government. It necessarily follows that the collective wealth and intelligence of our people are but agencies to conserve the rights, the principles, the liberties, and the essential dignity of man as man. The work of patriots is never finished. The theory of our citizenship is larger today than yesterday, and the inalienable right of the common citizen to life, liberty, and happiness has changed our declaration of rights into a declaration of obligation, and made it necessary for each one of us to bear the burden of the responsibility of the liberties which we enjoy.

As George William Curtis said of friends of his, so I say of those colleagues of ours, "To them the welfare of their country was dearer and meant more than any mere partisan political victory. This patriotism is scorned by some as an impracticable theory, as a dream of a cloister, and even by some as the whim of the fool." But such was the folly of the Spartan Leonidas, staying with his 300, the Persian horde, and teaching Greece the self-reliance that saved her. Such was the folly of the Swiss Arnold von Winkelried, gathering into his own breast the host of Austrian spears, making his dead body the bridge of victory for his countrymen. Such was the folly of the American Nathan Hale, gladly risking the seeming disgrace of his name, and grieving that he had but one life to give for his country. Such are the beacon lights of a pure patriotism that burn forever in men's memories and answer each other through the illuminated ages. This is the spirit of a patriotism that girds the commonwealth with the resistless splendor of the moral law—"the invulnerable panoply of States, the celestial secret of a great Nation and a happy people."

America has made her progress through and by the necessity and the agitation of man for equal opportunity and for individual expression, by the urgency in man for liberty to grow, by the necessity for man that political conditions should respond more nearly to the urging of man's inner and spiritual nature.

This day forcefully reminds us that heroism is not confined to the tented field and that courage is not required exclusively for war and death. Not every great cause leads to battle and to death and only a few are called upon to die for their country, while all of us are called upon to live for it. To die nobly is heroic, but to live nobly is magnificent. These colleagues of ours taught us how to live as well as how to die. They played the game until it was called on account of darkness. As someone has well said:

We play with life—a game that ends in losing
And yet still must be played, though cards are stacked.
What matter if the deal is not our choosing?
What matter if we play with bodies racked
By pain or filled with joy? The game is such
We gamble till death shows the winning hand.
Yes; truly we must trust God overmuch
To play a game we do not understand.
It might be that the game is never ended,
Though death may win from life, there still may be
A power beyond time, uncomprehended,
That does not fear to fight for such as we.
To futures that forever will endure
This life and death may be the overture.

These colleagues of ours were all strong, able men who exemplified the finest traditions of America's equality of opportunity not one of whom ever thought of himself as a great man. My friends, nothing is more simple than greatness, for to be simple is to be great.

That man is great, and he alone
Who serves a greatness not his own
For neither price, nor pelf;
Content to know and to be unknown,
Whole in himself.

We are more than ever this day impressed by our conclusion that the welfare of our country depends upon such men as they were; upon the courage and the spirit and the understanding with which we, each one of us, meet and discharge, as they did, the ever recurring, homely, undramatic duties of everyday life.

How well we know that just in proportion as each citizen, as the average man, may meet and discharge his patriotic duty and make the necessary sacrifices required of every unselfish loyal American citizen, to just this extent can the stability, the permanency, and the character of our institutions be assured.

Throughout the pages of history the force of dynamic personalities is projected beyond the workaday sphere of ordinary mortals. Their thoughts and their actions, because of the fact that their viewpoint is accompanied by a contagious sense of honesty, justice, and truth, live after them for succeeding generations to emulate and apply. The lives of such men as these colleagues and friends of ours, and their efforts, and what they sought to accomplish, or effected, in political, social, and economic institutions, make history.

They, each and every one of them, would be the last to admit it, much less to boast of the fact; nevertheless it is true that they inherently possessed those qualities of character which made them great in spite of themselves; qualities which at any time and all times in any person have won, and always will win, a positive and indestructible claim to a place among the select nobility of mankind.

We must still serve if we would save, still sacrifice if we would preserve; to get is not all or much; to give is the nobler part. License is not liberty, for anarchy knows no true liberty. Freedom is blessed only when held in reasonable restraint, and to obey the law, not to avoid or evade it, is the duty of all.

It also follows, therefore, that the rule of service and sacrifice, animating and controlling all hearts, shaping all

actions, declaring alike the duty and ability of all, is the only sure safeguard of our American institutions, as it is also the secure and sustaining bulwark of this Republic.

As I listened just now to the roll call and no familiar voice responded, and there was no answer, I was reminded that from the date of his death on June 27, 1800, at Oberhausen, Bavaria, until 1814 the name of Latour d'Auvergne was retained on the roll of his company of grenadiers, as a mark of honor. At each and every roll call when d'Auvergne's name was reached, the color sergeant answered: "Dead on the field of honor."

So do we answer for those friends of ours.

As the poet would have it—

> We met like ships upon the sea
> Who hold an hour's converse so short, so sweet!
> Oh, little hours! and then away they speed
> On lonely paths through mist and cloud and foam
> To meet no more.

To meet no more? Ah, there is the rub!

If immortality—

As Senator Ingalls said—

> be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of their human career, e'en the longest and most fortunate, be not perfected and supplemented after its termination here, then he who fears to die should dread to live, for life would be a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

The old, old fashion—death—with its perpetual, persistent, and ever-recurring challenge, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

From remote antiquity men have tried to find an answer to that question. Scientists and philosophers, Sophists, and logicians have pointed intellectual telescopes toward the inscrutable fastnesses of futurity, only to be thwarted and set at naught by that blank wall which separates the seen from the unseen, the fathomed from the unfathomable.

Strange, is it not, that with the inevitability of death always before them, men find it possible, under ordinary

circumstances, to draw the curtains of their minds against it? Yet there are moments in the life of almost every man when "sad images of the shroud, and pall, and breathless darkness, and the narrow house" cause him "to shudder and grow sick at heart." And, however they may be formulated, these thoughts inevitably resolve themselves at last into Job's poignant question.

That question has been answered. But the answer did not come from the scientists or the philosophers, the Sophists or the logicians. It came from a Man in far-off Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and He framed it in these simple but dynamic words:

Because I live ye shall live also.

So today we say with Dickens:

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet—of immortality!

The Interstate Male Chorus sang "The Lamp in the West," by Horatio Parker.

Hon. FRITZ G. LANHAM, a Representative from the State of Texas, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. FRITZ G. LANHAM

Mr. Speaker, out of the past and into the future come and go the children of men. In their brief sojourn on earth they learn of that past through history, of that future through revelation. Only in that present of their three score years and ten may they exemplify actively to their fellow men their bountiful heritage from the past, their blissful hope for the future.

Today we pause to meditate upon the lives of friends and colleagues who have completed but recently that interim between two great eternities. The records of service they have left, the confidence in their ability and integrity their associations here have established, the affectionate regard their

worth as true Americans has invited and received now warm our hearts and will endear them to us forever. The memory of their loyalty to our institutions and our ideals will remain as an inspiration and a benediction.

With narrowed vision we are prone to regard such an occasion as this as one of sorrow and gloom. It is not so. The work of these colleagues is not finished; their course has not been run. No man lives here to see the perfection of his work; that is what eternity is for. It is not for us to write finis to their helpful accomplishment. It is for us, rather, to remember and appreciate their faithful service and to cherish the confident hope that even the cordial relations we have enjoyed with them are in recess, not in adjournment.

To this encouraging and uplifting contemplation I would direct our thought, that to us and to those assembled loved ones who suffer most the pangs of temporary parting may come the solace of an assuring comfort that must be real.

Long before revelation came to teach the doctrine of the resurrection, peoples of all races desired and believed in the continuity of life. Orientals cherished the firm conviction of the transmigration of souls. The ancient Greeks dreamed of a blissful Elysium, the Indians of the happy hunting grounds. In the tombs of antiquity, food and raiment and the adornments and implements of happy and useful living were interred with the departed. To this belief in immortality the redskin sacrificed the steed of the fallen warrior, and the Arab the camel. Reason seemed the herald of revelation. The heavens had declared the glory of One Omnipotent, the firmament had shown His handiwork, and from the beginning could creep in no skepticism of that Supreme Existence that decreed the orderly courses of worlds and the orderly processes of nature.

And reason taught another thing to stimulate that innate hope. In goodness, and in goodness only, is there true supremacy. In evil there is depravity. Even to the ancients it seemed unthinkable that man, the highest order of divine creation, in attributes akin in miniature to the Almighty,

could have been fashioned as an amusing pastime. It was rational to assume that he came as an expression of love and care and providence, with a purpose in his making, attesting the goodness of that One Supreme who would satisfy the craving of his soul to live and not to die. Even the low order of the vegetable kingdom, with its contributions of beauty and sustenance, taught the doctrine of its continuing existence. To the grain of wheat came death before it emerged into more luxuriant life. The heat of the sun, stored for thousands of years in the bosom of the earth, came back in coal to spread that warmth anew. All Nature died and lived again. Was man destined for a humbler heritage? Was there for him no glorious resurrection? Reason rebelled at the contemplation of such flippant mockery.

Through the ages, learning ever and more forcefully the dependence upon a beneficent Providence, there came to man the startling discovery that, despite his powers, he himself could create nothing. What has man created? Let us suppose, for example, that he created this magnificent and artistic edifice in which we assemble; but he did not. Every item of material for its construction was furnished him in advance. He did no more than change its position and its form. And its art is but an imitation, exemplified and surpassed in countless natural wonders since the world began. The One Supreme is the materialman and the artist in this and every other structure, however poorly we may copy the pattern of the Infinite.

Has man created a mighty power plant at Niagara Falls or at Muscle Shoals? Oh, no. He has but harnessed a part of the power placed there by the Almighty and diverted to his temporal needs its natural force. In the roaring cataract may be found both the motive and the means of the human accomplishment.

But what of the outstanding achievements of physicists and chemists in their laboratories of research? Research—the very word connotes the lack of man's creative genius.

At the root of every flower is a chemical laboratory so perfect that man cannot approximate it. In his every effort he relies, perforce, upon things already made and upon natural laws already enacted. There is no field in which some brave Columbus can discover an America which is not already there.

And man has observed another thing—what has been created he cannot destroy. He may resolve matter into its constituent elements, but the elements remain to perform the functions of their creation. Again he can but change the form and position of the things he uses. Against the works of the Almighty the iconoclast labors in vain.

Was man, then, made to be destroyed? Was it for this inglorious end Omnipotence designed the highest order of creation? Is the thought compatible with the purpose of One Supreme in goodness and in wisdom? Reason replied to those queries. It was a matter of common observation that the things of earth do not attain their full usefulness until they have reached a certain maturity. Fruit is eaten when ripe. It is when the sapling becomes a tree that its timbers make a dwelling and a thousand articles of domestic and social progress. And so, the ages have asked, is man to come to the development of his manifold powers, to cultivate the mind and spirit to the greatest possibility of service, only to be cast aside as useless rubbish? Is the image of God the one thing God Himself would destroy?

So it is not strange or surprising that early peoples found in the light of reason a firm basis for their belief that this innate longing for life was predicated upon a logical hope which would ripen into the fulfillment of their most cherished wish. It would have staggered their credulity had one predicted with confidence the telephone, the radio, the airplane, the X-ray, but their abiding faith in this inspiring doctrine of immortality could not be shattered or repressed. Even to their worthy fellow men who had departed to that unknown realm they accorded such enduring earthly remembrance as their restricted powers permitted. Sleeping or

waking, they still dreamed of them as living and laboring at their customary tasks. Their tombs were kept with scrupulous care, their memories honored, their wisdom preserved, that such a one as Socrates might live on to teach that everything implies its opposite—that the foul implies the fair, the cold implies the heat, the darkness implies the light, to sleep implies to awaken, to die implies to live again—that in fond recollection they might continue to hear him say, "Wherefore, O Judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death."

It is our good fortune to live in a time when reason has been confirmed and reinforced by revelation. In its light the vague and hazy notions of the past become the clear and well-defined knowledge of the present. It has given a new and imperishable foundation for the truth which the groping reason of man had always sought. It has illumined this earthly existence with a new radiance. It has added inspiration to the effort to build and develop our minds and hearts and characters for life unending. It has manifested a purpose in our making which keeps us pressing onward toward the goal of our perfection. Work has a new meaning, worth a new significance. We are citizens of eternity, unfettered by the limitations of time.

Our departed colleagues have left examples we may emulate. They labored in the light of this enduring assurance. The memory of their worth and work accentuates the promise and the hope which lead us to the heights of our best selves.

When the Pilgrim Fathers embarked to find a home in this new land they took in the bow of their boat the bulbs and seeds and shrubs and plants which after the long voyage would be useful in the home of their quest. In the voyage on life's great sea we, too, like the loved ones who have left us, may take with us those fruits of mind and heart and spirit which will be of service over there.

And so, in the firm conviction of this faith, and in keeping with reason and with revelation, to each of these, our beloved comrades, we may join with family and friends in saying:

Good-bye, good friend;
In God's good time,
In God's good clime,
We'll meet again.
And in that land
Where we shall know
No pain or woe,
We'll understand.

A cornet solo, "Nearer My God to Thee," was played by Ralph K. Ostrom, master sergeant, United States Army Band Orchestra.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Robert Potter Hill

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Smith

Of Oklahoma

Mr. SMITH of Oklahoma. Mr. Speaker, it is to me a solemn privilege to pay reverent tribute to the memory of the late lamented Hon. ROBERT P. HILL. He was stricken down in the midst of his work, almost literally a victim of his work because of his zeal and devotion to his duties. I take particular pride in the fact the people of his congressional district saw fit to entrust me with the task of completing his term and carrying on his unfinished work.

Few men in the history of this great Nation of ours have had the distinct privilege of serving in the House of Representatives from two States. Such was the honor of my friend and predecessor.

When he came to Congress the first time from Illinois, being at that time the first Democrat ever so honored by that congressional district, he was a young man. When he again trod the Halls of Congress, 20 years later, by virtue of new confidence shown him by new friends in a new State, he had lost the zest of youth but had gained in the rich lessons of life. There are many men in Congress today who knew and served with him on both occasions.

To these men we can turn for the real key to his character, for all who thus were privileged to know and associate with him through a lifetime of public service first testify to his honesty, his courage, and his friendly spirit. "Judge", as he was so well and affectionately known in Oklahoma, was a kindly man who had time and patience for everyone. No better beloved man was ever elevated to public office in Oklahoma.

His public service was not confined to his two terms in the work of Congress. He moved to Oklahoma after his term from Illinois expired because he had become interested in Indian problems. Being a lawyer, he found the new State to his liking and he never got around to returning to his native State. As the years passed, he made new friends and started a new life in a new State that was to lead him again to the peaks of success.

His first public trust in Oklahoma was a position as assistant county attorney. Afterward he was appointed to fill an unexpired term as a district judge in Oklahoma County and the best evidence of his fitness for that post is the fact he was reelected without difficulty for a full term.

It was while serving this term on the district bench that his friends prevailed upon him to seek another term in Congress. He was scarcely known in a general way to the voters outside of his own county, but he campaigned vigorously and soon his friendly smile and kindly nature were well known all over the district. His victory then became a matter of course.

His public career also includes some service in the State Legislature of Illinois prior to the time he first came to Congress.

There are many of us who are honored and privileged to serve in Congress from a single district in a single State. Truly, a man who can claim the honor bestowed upon Judge HILL richly deserves the praise and high esteem of his fellows.

It is with reverence that I come to pay my small tribute to his memory. I knew him in both public and private life. I think I can say no more than to say I valued more than words permit me to say his friendship and association with me.

Remarks by Representative Boren

Of Oklahoma

Mr. BOREN. Mr. Speaker, we have assembled to devote an hour to tribute and a day to faithful memory for those of our colleagues who have departed these Halls as one might take a lamp and seek the couch of rest and retirement while we stay a little longer to cover up the embers that still burn.

In these Halls, each stair, each room, I find no place that does not breathe some gracious memory of my friend R. P. HILL, Congressman from the Fifth District of Oklahoma. In the memory of every man who knew him there lives the knowledge of kindly deeds, his great capacity for friendship, and a generosity which knew no stint nor bound. He was respected and appreciated by all of his colleagues, and most of you enjoyed the ties of intimate friendship with him, but I sat with him in the cloak room, beside him on the floor, and before him at the Speaker's rostrum. In the tasks that were our daily burdens I have borrowed of his wisdom and vast experience. We were linked by the strongest ties of friendship; our ties were almost that of father to son.

Mr. Speaker, Memory stands today at my elbow and touches my attention to the many splendid hours of our association. Unspoken and unspeakable, I must leave unsaid the unwordable messages of honor, tribute, and eternal appreciation for a great, noble, and generous friend.

R. P. HILL was one of the few men awarded the rare honor of serving in the United States Congress as the choice of two different States of this great Union. Once the State of Illinois honored him by electing him to this great body and rewarded herself in receiving the products of his tireless energy

and his devoted service. Then he joined the westward march of population lending aid to the development of our national destiny and after a score of years as a builder of a great new State, he was selected by the people of Oklahoma to serve them here. Oklahoma knew his great courage and indomitable will and he served with great fidelity and tireless energy the trust bestowed. The people of Oklahoma respected and loved him. They remember his public service with appreciation and gratitude and they miss him sadly.

The spear of the prince and the staff of the pauper must lie at last together. The tasks of the day at eventide are laid aside. At last there is rest when the task is done, but not in death; there is no death. The stars go down to rise again upon fairer shore. The closing of these doors but open on another room. I bid my friend adieu only as one says good night to one who seeks the other room—rest for a tired soul.

In the long vista of years to roll,
With me his memory nor his honor fade
And though other land retain his soul,
He lives also here—
In the results of his deeds and friendships made.

Remarks by Representative Jarman

Of Alabama

Mr. JARMAN. Mr. Speaker, to know our lamented colleague and friend, Judge ROBERT P. HILL, was to love him. Even though he was a Representative from Oklahoma for less than a year his happy, lovable disposition caused him to become far more generally known among his colleagues than is usually the case in a much longer time. I am quite confident that every Member of the House whose privilege it was to know Judge HILL thoroughly shares the sadness which permeates my entire being as a result of his untimely passing. He will be greatly missed on the floor of the House, the Members of which suffer along with his family, his district, his State, and the Nation, by his absence.

He was just as capable as he was lovable, as outstanding in the capacity of statesman as in that of friend, as industrious as he was jovial, and as calm as he was firm and determined. "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that all the world might rise up and say, 'This was a man.'"

It is the privilege of comparatively few men to represent one district in this House and it is rare, indeed, for one to be so honored by districts in different States. As you know, Judge HILL represented an Illinois district here 25 years ago. Because of this prior service, he brought to the seat to which he was elected by his new friends and constituents in Oklahoma a vast knowledge of statecraft, of the functioning of government, and of the duties of a Congressman which it is the privilege of very few new Members to enjoy. This fact, together with his general ability, had enabled him to accomplish much and proceed considerably further on the

course of efficient representation of his district, which must be slowly and gradually tread by all new Members, than is ordinarily the case when he was stricken after serving less than a year in this Congress.

As we suspend the mad rush of legislation and pause to pay tribute to his memory, our hearts go out in the deep, heartfelt sympathy, in which only those bereaved are entirely competent to indulge, to all of his relatives but particularly to his charming wife, who was such a devoted helpmate and pal in all his undertakings, sharing so thoroughly and so heartily all his joys and his sorrows, his triumphs and defeats, his ups and his downs.

While forever gone, he is not only not forgotten but never will be by those who knew and loved him best. On the other hand, the influence of his jovial, optimistic, magnetic personality will remain with us throughout our service in this body, always urging us on to finer and greater accomplishments.

Remarks by Representative Cartwright

Of Oklahoma

Mr. CARTWRIGHT. Mr. Speaker, I wish to speak a few words relative to the passing of Judge R. P. HILL of the Fifth District, Oklahoma. He served during the first session of this Congress. We did not have much time to get acquainted with him but he indelibly impressed himself during the few months he was with us.

He was of humble origin, but by pluck, ability, and ambition, he became successfully an educator, president of a college, lawyer, a district judge, and a Congressman. He was one of few Congressmen to serve from two different States. He came to the Sixty-third Congress from Illinois. He retired to the practice of law, moved to Oklahoma, and in two decades, mellowed in years and experience, he returned to Congress from Oklahoma.

When he came to the Seventy-fifth Congress, because of his judicial ability, he was made a member of the Judiciary Committee, where he would have distinguished himself had his service not been cut short by sudden death.

His honorable career as a citizen and outstanding servant has ended. The constructive and humane character of the service rendered by my colleague and friend stands as an inspiration to his promising young son and to his devoted helpmate, Mrs. Hill, his constant helper in his endeavors.

Oh, the man who meets and conquers adversity and success adds another light to brighten the pathway of the future.

Till the future dare forget the past
His name and fate shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity.

Remarks by Representative Nichols

Of Oklahoma

Mr. NICHOLS. Mr. Speaker, I want to take this method of paying tribute to the memory of our late colleague, Hon. ROBERT P. HILL, of the Fifth Oklahoma District. Judge HILL served only a portion of his first term from Oklahoma, but had been a Member of the House years ago from Illinois, being one of the few Members thus honored by two States.

I grew to love him and to admire his sturdy and upright character in the few months that we were associated together. He was intensely patriotic, and viewed all the questions that we have to face from the standpoint of the best interests of the Nation as a whole. Learned in the law, to which he had devoted the major portion of his adult life, he had a keen analytical mind and knew how things could be done. His warm heart made him sympathetic to the interests of those who are underprivileged, and in his short span of service as a Representative from Oklahoma he rendered many services for our people which will keep the memory of his deeds alive for years to come.

Quiet and dignified, he was keen to discern the troubles of others, and quick to offer what measure of assistance that he could. Still he was able to conceal from even his close colleagues his own malady, so that his sudden taking away was a shock and a surprise that left us grief stricken, more so because we had no intimation of its coming.

Judge HILL was one of the innumerable citizens who came to Oklahoma in mature life from other States in the Union and adopted our State as his home. He gave Oklahoma the full measure of his devotion and served the people wisely and well.

Knowing him was one of the rare privileges that came to me through my service in the Congress, and the memory of his uprightness will be an inspiration to me for the remaining days that are spared to me.

Remarks by Representative Ferguson

Of Oklahoma

Mr. FERGUSON. Mr. Speaker, I was deeply shocked when I received word of the death of my good friend and colleague, Judge ROBERT P. HILL.

Judge HILL had the distinction of serving this House from two States—Oklahoma and Illinois. He served the State of Illinois during the Sixty-third Congress, and the State of Oklahoma during the first session of this Congress.

In my opinion he was one of the outstanding men in the House. His life was devoted to law. His many years of judicial experience as a practicing attorney and later a district judge well qualified him for a place on the important Judiciary Committee. He was successful in private life, loved by his friends, admired by his colleagues in the legal profession.

BOB HILL was a statesman. The Members of the Oklahoma delegation were proud of him. His keen analysis of our present-day problems was recognized by all of us in this House.

On numerous occasions we worked together on problems that affected Oklahoma. I always found him willing and anxious to assist the people of his State and Nation.

With the passing of BOB HILL this House lost one of its finest Members. I know that I express the sentiment of the Oklahoma delegation when I say that we all miss him. His place will be hard to fill in our hearts.

Remarks by Representative Sumners

Of Texas

Mr. SUMNERS of Texas. Mr. Speaker, ROBERT P. HILL and I were both new Members of the House in the Sixty-third Congress. Mr. HILL then was a Representative from Illinois. At the end of that Congress he sought new fields of service. After more than two decades, mellower in years and experience, he returned to the House, this time from Oklahoma. There are but few men in the history of our country, Mr. Speaker, who have achieved the distinction of having represented two sovereign States in the National House of Representatives.

When he returned to the House in the Seventy-fifth Congress it was my pleasure to welcome BOB HILL to membership on my committee, the Judiciary. There he commenced a service full of promise of warm comradeship with the committee and usefulness to the country, which, to our sorrow, was cut short after only a few months by the inscrutable hand of Death.

The Judiciary Committee has already recorded its sense of loss by a resolution which has been spread on the minutes of the committee and placed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. I shall not repeat here the tributes contained in that resolution, to which I subscribe, but wish, Mr. Speaker, to say that in the death of BOB HILL the country lost a faithful servant, the Congress a valuable member, and our committee a co-worker whose counsel and constructive thinking were always helpful in the discharge of our responsibilities.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *November 15, 1937.*

Mr. NICHOLS. Mr. Speaker, during the recent recess of Congress one of our colleagues, a man who has served in this body from two States of the United States—the State of Illinois and only recently the State of Oklahoma—a man who enjoyed the admiration and respect of every Member of this body, passed away. I refer, Mr. Speaker, to the late Honorable ROBERT P. HILL, of the Fifth District of Oklahoma.

Mr. Speaker, more will be said from the floor of this House at a later date in memory of our late colleague. At this time, Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution and move its adoption.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution offered by the gentleman from Oklahoma.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 347) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT P. HILL, a Representative from the State of Oklahoma.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, November 16, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon.

WEDNESDAY, *November 17, 1937.*

A message from the Senate by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT P. HILL, late a Representative from the State of Oklahoma.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian tomorrow.

THURSDAY, *January 20, 1938.*

Mr. MASSINGALE. Mr. Speaker, by request of the Committee on the Judiciary I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record a resolution on the death of Judge ROBERT P. HILL, of Oklahoma, a former member of that committee.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Oklahoma?

There was no objection.

The matter referred to is as follows:

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON THE DEATH OF HON. ROBERT P. HILL, OF OKLAHOMA

Hon. ROBERT P. HILL, beloved colleague of the Committee on the Judiciary, and faithful, patriotic Representative of the Fifth Congressional District of Oklahoma, died on October 29, 1937.

Representative HILL bore the rare and distinct honor of having served two States in Congress—his native State of Illinois and his adopted State of Oklahoma. While residing in Illinois he was elected to the Sixty-third Congress from the Twenty-fifth District. After moving to Oklahoma, and while serving as a district judge, he was elected to the Seventy-fifth Congress.

He led an active, courageous life, brave, yet ever friendly, modest, and genteel. His ability and knowledge of the law commanded respect on all occasions, and the force of his character and generosity of his nature endeared him to all.

Judge HILL assumed the heavy duties and responsibilities of his official life and zealously discharged every duty with honor. In his judicial life he was a friend to the poor, the downtrodden, and the oppressed. His dispassionate, judicial temperament and his attainment made him a valued member of the Committee on the Judiciary: Be it therefore

Resolved, That the members of the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives do hereby express their profound sorrow and sense of deep personal loss in the death of their former colleague, ROBERT P. HILL, and direct that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this committee, printed in the Congressional Record, and a copy be sent to the members of the family of the deceased.

Attest:

ELMORE WHITEHURST,
Clerk, Committee on the Judiciary,
House of Representatives.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

TUESDAY, *November 16, 1937.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. ROBERT P. HILL, late a Representative from the State of Oklahoma, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolutions (H. Res. 347) were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT P. HILL, a Representative from the State of Oklahoma.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, the House do now adjourn.

Mr. THOMAS of Oklahoma. Mr. President, I offer resolutions for which I ask immediate consideration.

Mr. CONNALLY. Mr. President, the Senator from Texas has the floor as I understand. I yield to the Senator from Oklahoma.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 196) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT P. HILL, late a Representative from the State of Oklahoma.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. THOMAS of Oklahoma. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 3 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Wednesday, November 17, 1937, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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